

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,

## LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,  
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

No. 9.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1804.

[WHOLE No. 113.]

## AMANDA :

A TALE.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

[Concluded from Page 38.]

"THE perusal of this letter, for some moments, deprived me of the power of feeling the extent of my own misery :—but recollection soon returned, and with it such a load of sorrow, as would have crushed a frame less strong than mine ; yet, spite of all the wrongs I had sustained, the false Alphonso still possessed my heart !

"The tale, I fancied, might be false : a sudden joy illumed my tortured breast, and I resolved to know at once my doom. A small bribe to the servant in the family induced him to procure me a carriage, which I ordered him to have in waiting at the end of the street ; and sending for the nurse, who had the care of this precious infant, I informed her I wished to have him a few hours to amuse me ; and, the moment she had committed him to my care, I escaped at a back door, and jumped into the carriage, and every moment that detains me from pursuing my journey I consider as a drawback on my peace and happiness.

Fitzowen listened to the interesting tale with a mixture of astonishment, pity, and contempt ; and, whilst his honest heart swelled with indignation against the destroyer of Amanda's repose, his friendship induced him to dissuade her against pursuing her journey ; and, in the strongest terms, he conjured her to return to that hospitable abode which she had so imprudently forsaken, and by a frank disclosure of Alphonso's iniquity, deprecate that resentment which her own duplicity, in all probability, had excited.

"Ah !—no !" said the agonized Amanda—"Never—never shall I behold that dear, deceived relation more !—How could I bear to meet those eyes, which used to beam with love and fondness, viewing me with coldness, anger, or with scorn ? How could I meet the censuring voice of her, whose partial praise was wont to charm my ear ? Could I endure the silent scorn of those who once were proud to own me as a friend ? Or could I give a form, no longer pure, to him whose virtues claim a spotless wife ? Alas ! my friend, I feel myself so fallen !—that solitude must now seclude my shame !

Fitzowen again urged her to return, pointing out the impropriety of her conduct : but though she acknowledged that she had very little doubt of Alphonso's falsehood, yet she was resolved to hear it from himself, and enjoy the poor

satisfaction of upbraiding him with treachery.

The humane Fitzowen, commiserating her situation, and lamenting her fate, generously offered to become her companion ; and the unfortunate girl, cheered by the tender sympathy she had inspired, found her sorrows heightened by being shared.

Whilst Fitzowen was endeavoring to soothe the dejection of his unfortunate guest's mind, his amiable wife was busily occupied in preparing some refreshment for her body, whilst the lovely babe, who was the source of her distress, lay sweetly slumbering in her arms.

As the surgeon lived at some distance, the servant did not return until it was quite dark ; and the postillion was so much recovered before his arrival, that Fitzowen thought his assistance almost unnecessary, as he had only been stunned by the violence of the blow, and it was thought he would be able to proceed in the morning.

As the hospitable inhabitants of this little cottage occupied their best apartment, they insisted upon resigning it to Amanda, whilst another was prepared for themselves on the same floor with the servant ; and Fitzowen proposed that they should pursue their journey on the following morning at five o'clock.

The perturbed state of Amanda's mind prevented her from enjoying the comfort of repose; and, rising from her uneasy couch at the break of day, she impatiently waited the hour which had previously been destined for her departure. In this anxious state of suspense and expectation, the image of her benefactress presented itself to her mind, in all the anguish of fear and apprehension for the fate of one, whom she had always loved with a fondness equal to that of a parent.

That she should have quitted the roof of her amiable protectress, without even a line to shield her bosom from suspense, or to spare her heart the pang of apprehension, appeared a crime of no less enormity than her having attempted to impose upon her confidence and tenderness. Eager to compensate for such a want of feeling, and desirous to relieve expectation and anxiety, she instantly opened the chamber door, and descended softly to the little room she had supped in, took possession of an inkstand that she had observed upon the table, and, with a heart throbbing with expectation and contrition, addressed to Mrs. Darnley the following epistle:

" TO MRS. DARNLEY.

" IN what strain of humiliation, in what language of regret, shall I presume to address my offended benefactress? Or how shall I be able to convince her mind of the sorrow and contrition which prey upon my own!

" Reared with fondness, cherished with affection, and laden with obligations!—How have I returned such wondrous kindness?—by cool deception, and refined duplicity!—Oh, my friend!—my more than mother!—prostrate on my knees I implore forgiveness—implore you to pardon the child of your affection—and to believe that, at the moment I resigned my hand to the destroyer of my peace—even at the sacred altar where I vowed him eternal fidelity—my heart reproached me with ingratitude to her, to whom I owed tenderness, duty, and veneration!

" Think not, my dearest, best of friends, that I mean basely to shield myself from censure, by describing the pains that were taken to wean me from my duty, or the arts which were

tised to destroy that high sense of rectitude which your precepts had inspired. I ought to have known, that the man who could instil sentiments of deception into the mind of an artless and attached young woman, would be the first to practise them upon herself. Yes—false, ungrateful Alphonso, too dearly hast thou made her suffer for her credulity!—too deeply hast thou wounded her by thy artifice! Alas! my beloved aunt, my peace is lost for ever! Oh! then, in pity to my suffering, do not, I conjure you, do not say—you hate me!—Give me the only one surviving comfort that remains, and bless me with the sound of pardon!

" The amiable being whom you had destined for my protector, at his return, will tell you my sad tale—tell you how basely I was used, how cruelly deceived—for I, alas! must never see you more! In penitence I mean to pass my days, far from the objects of my former bliss; for never could I bear the glance of Censure, or the tongue of Blame! I go, my friend, to hear my shame pronounced—to hear the faithless object of my partial fondness avow his infamy, and my disgrace, and claim his pity for my helpless child!

" Adieu, my loved, my valued, and only friend. I now see the carriage preparing which is to bear me to the base destroyer of my peace, and every moment is precious: May Heaven, and you, forgive the wretched and forlorn

" AMANDA."

With this penitent epistle the maid servant was dispatched to the neighboring town the moment Fitzowen and his unfortunate companion drove from the door; and Amanda's heart felt sensibly lightened by this act of duty and attention to her amiable relation.

The travellers pursued their way without any farther interruption, or any material occurrence, until they arrived at the Eagle and Child at Holyhead, when the agitation of Amanda's spirits became so violent, that the humane Fitzowen was absolutely obliged to support her in his arms to a bed, which was immediately prepared for her reception, whilst the infant was placed under the protection of the officious landlady.

Whilst Amanda in vain endeavored to compose her feelings, and prepare her mind for the dreaded interview, Fitzowen was making enquiries after the state of Alphonso's health, and was informed that he had so far recovered from his wound as to be able to join the society of his friends, though the surgeon had prohibited the use of wine.—This restriction, though represented as absolutely necessary, the head-strong Alphonso refused to regard; and, instead of adhering to the regimen prescribed, drank even to intoxication.—The wound, which was healing, soon inflamed, and in less than two days he was pronounced past recovery; but at the moment of Amanda's arrival he was supposed only to have a few hours to live.

No sooner had Fitzowen heard this intelligence, than he repaired to Amanda's apartment, and in the most cautious terms disclosed the fatal news.—Anger and resentment immediately fled from her bosom, and, starting from her couch in an agony of despair, she requested to be instantly conducted to his chamber.

Fitzowen represented the consequences that might result from rushing unprepared into his presence, and entreated her to let him send for the physician, who was at that moment waiting in Alphonso's apartment, for the purpose of requesting him to prepare his patient for so unexpected and interesting an interview.

The agitated Amanda immediately consented, but entreated that no unnecessary delay might separate her from the object of her solicitude, during the few hours that remained of life; and her humane companion, anxious to promote her wishes, returned in less than a quarter of an hour, to inform her that Alphonso was prepared to see her.

With fearful steps and palpitating heart the ill-fated girl approached the chamber; but when she beheld the emaciated form of him on whom she doated, both strength and resolution failed, and, uttering a shrill alarming shriek, she sunk into the arms of the physician. Volatile restoratives were successfully applied, and in a few moments her recollection returned; and finding she had been conveyed in to



another apartment, she insisted upon being permitted to re-enter Alphonso's, promising to support herself with greater firmness.

During her absence, the dying man had requested to be moved from the bed to the sofa, conceiving she would not think his end so near, if she saw that he was able to be taken out of bed.

"Is my person terrifying, my Amanda?" said he, in a low, hollow voice, as she re-entered, at the same time stretching out his enfeebled hand.

"O, no!" was all the wretched girl could utter; and throwing herself on her knees by the side of the sofa, she sobbed aloud, with anguish.

"My love, my life, my dearest, injured girl," sighed out the dying man, "I merit not this sad display of tenderness—Oh, Amanda!—lovely, lost Amanda!—I am a villain!—a base, deceiving villain!—and you must hate me!"

"Hate you, Alphonso!" exclaimed the ill-fated Amanda—"Alas! too well I love you!"

"I have a wife," said he—"a poor, forsaken wife!—forlorn and wretched as yourself!—Didst thou know that, Amanda?"

"Too well I know it—Too well I know, likewise, thou hast a son!"

"Sins!—more sins!" echoed he, trembling with inward apprehension at the thought—"Oh, teach him not to curse his father's name!—yet teach him to detest his father's vices!—Oh! Amanda!" continued he, pressing her with fondness to his heart—"thy sufferings are more torturing than death!—Oh! had I never seen that lovely face, then might my crimes have hoped for pardon;—but now—ah! now I feel—I am lost for ever!"

The conflict of his feelings here totally overpowered him, and, throwing his head upon the bosom of Amanda, he sighed forth her name, and instantly expired.

I shall silently pass over the melancholy scene that followed, and merely say, that Amanda refused to leave the inn till after the interment of Alphonso's body, when her humane companion reconducted her to his hospitable abode, where she found a letter from the amiable Mrs. Darnley, assuring her of forgiveness, and intreating her to return immediately to her arms, which would always be ready and open to receive her.

This letter was soon followed by a visit from Mr. Forbes, who in vain pleaded the strength of his attachment, for Amanda remained fixed in her former resolution, and would neither accept his hand, nor quit her retirement; telling him, that as her conduct had lost her the esteem of her own heart, she could never expect to be blest with his; and therefore she was resolved to devote her days to penitence!

#### ON THE ILLUSIONS OF FANCY.

NO single faculty of the mind affords materials for such various and curious disquisition as the fancy, or imagination. The metaphysician views it as the mimic of the senses, whose functions it sometimes so aptly performs, as to impose on the mind fiction for truth. In thus substituting the pictures or images of its own creation, for those of nature, he perceives that it only separates or combines those ideas which were imparted by the senses and reposit in the memory: That it can generate no simple idea, but is merely the intellectual artificer who makes a fabric of the materials with which it is furnished by the senses. In the course of his enquiry into the principles of its operation, he is astonished to find that even this power of separating, or combining has its limits; and that, with all the seeming irregular and discursive movements of the fancy, there are but two or three natural relations, which as *pons volans* enable it to pass from one region of thought to another; and that the mind can never shift itself from idea to idea, unless there is a *proximity* of time or place, *resemblance* or *contrast* between them. Thus this lively faculty, whose anomalies seemed at first view to defy the powers of human investigation, is found to act upon principles at once regular, simple, and few. Different persons pos-

sess in different degrees the power of perceiving what is contiguous in time or place, and what is like or unlike: according to which degree they are said "to have an active, or a dull imagination" and sometimes "to possess or to want fancy."

Since eloquence and poetry owe their highest ornaments to the imagination, it naturally becomes one of the principal topics of literary criticism. As it is the object of the orator to persuade, and of the poet to please, the critic considers the fancy merely as an instrument for these purposes, and derives a set of rules from the laws of nature, by which he ascertains the means to the ends. He points out where a loose should be given to the native impetuosity of the imagination, and where its unlimited sallies should be curbed: shows what passages possess the awful grandeur of the sublime, and what the attractive loveliness of beauty, and distinguishes those pictures of fancy which are dissonant to nature from those which are hit off in the spirits of her finest models. In a word, guided at one and the same time by the most liberal feelings of the heart and the nicest dictates of reason, he praises or blames the works of imagination according to the judgment of *taste*.

Nor is this busy faculty unworthy the consideration of the *moralist*. Our designs and aversions either derive new vigor from the imagination or owe their existence to it altogether. It is sometimes their parent, and always their nurse. By its extensive influence over our pleasures and our pains it goes far towards regulating our moral conduct, and according to the direction it may take, gives birth to the sublimest heroism or the most unnatural depravity.

To show the full extent of its influence on human happiness, would lead me into too wide a field of moral and metaphysical speculation; but as a branch of the subject, I purpose to show how much it tends to substitute falshood for truth, by enumerating the most ordinary illusions of fancy; in which enumeration, the examples are either the result of my own observations, or are believed to be in a strict analogy with the acknowledged principles of human nature.

Sometimes the suggestions of the imagination are mistaken for those of the



memory. This propensity is almost always to be perceived in children of very tender years. They prattle of visits they never made; repeat conversations they never heard, and describe objects they never saw—all this too without the smallest consciousness of falsehood. The same predominance of fancy over memory is occasionally seen in grown persons who deal much in narrative. The foible of these people never fails to incur the contempt of the world, and is generally imputed to vanity: but where it is united to a character otherwise irreproachable, as I have sometimes seen it, it is fair to presume that it proceeds from an imbecility of the mind rather than obliquity of the heart. Every man who watches the operations of his intellect, must have discovered that he occasionally had formed a new association of ideas at the very time he thinks he is merely retracing an association previously formed.

Women have always been observed to have livelier imaginations than men. A natural consequence of this superior facility of associating ideas, is, they are less accurate in reciting matters of fact. Not only the merits of a favorite, the splendor of an exhibition, or the horrors of a calamity, are exaggerated by the force of their imaginations, but what consists in mere number or quantity is apt to be increased or diminished by the same cause. One lady boasting of the beaux who had led her daughter out to dance, will convert twelve into twenty; while an envious neighbor by an opposite deception, will diminish the number to five or six: and yet both of these ladies may be ignorant of voluntary falsehood. The fact is that each listened to that suggestion of fancy which was most agreeable to her feelings.

I once knew two ladies dispute, and at length bet on the height of their respective gallants, who were very well known to both. The gentlemen turned out to be of equal height, but each lady had been confident that her own favorite was at least two inches taller than the other.

Very ardent lovers have observed that when they first meet after a long separation, they feel disappointed in each other's appearance. It is because the picture of the beloved object was not in the mind merely as memory had drawn it

—imagination had superadded the colors of her own bright pencil.

Sometimes we see the imagination so lively, so completely master of the mind, that it prevails over the plain and direct communication of the senses.

On occasion of a riot, Gov. C— of New-York, put himself at the head of a chosen party to quell the tumult.—The sword he carried was by some accident broken off near the hilt. With this fragment in his hand he pushed on, and endeavored to force his way thro' the crowd. One man, feeling the pressure of the mutilated weapon, looked back, and fixing his eyes on the spot, exclaimed "a dead man," and fell senseless on the ground, under a temporary conviction that he was run through the body.

Major H. whose life was spent in mischievous waggery, having given a strolling fiddler some liquor, pressed him to repeat his draught with great earnestness. By winks and nods to the bystanders, suspicions were artfully excited in the poor fiddler—at length he was told with a face of gravity and condolence, that he had taken an emetic which would be good for his health.—Warm water was accordingly prepared, and the credulous son of Orpheus was made to vomit as freely by the energy of his own imagination as he could have been by the most powerful drugs of pharmacy.

A clergyman and his daughter were once viewing the face of the full moon. The young woman was clear she saw in it the figure of a young man; but the father rebuking the daughter for not seeing a church, says "why child, don't you see the steeple?"

To ordinary palates good wine at the table of a poor man will seem bad, and ordinary wine at the house of a reputed epicure, has a most exquisite flavor.

Esop, by way of characterising the blind partiality of a mother, makes the owl, in describing her young to the eagle, dwell with great emphasis on their pretty faces.

Persons who feel a dread of apparitions need but meet with a white cow or linen garment, and their fancy supplies

whatever is wanting to complete a picture of horror—gives it form, color, motion, nay even a distinct and articulate voice. Ghosts were never yet seen by those who did not previously have a dread or belief of them.

When Wilkes was in the zenith of his popularity, one of his most enthusiastic female admirers would not admit that he squinted. Yielding to the effect of a nearer inspection, she replied to her triumphant adversary, "Well, I am sure if it is so, he squints no more than a gentleman ought to do."

The wretch who has been for years the helpless victim of disease, has imagined himself cured by the touch of an iron bodkin: and on one occasion I knew a rheumatic patient to be scratched with a quill (imposed on him for one of Perkins' points) till he was able "to take up his bed and walk."

It is a similar illusion of fancy which procures the ready sale of the nostrums of empirics, and vouches with such grateful zeal for the cures they have wrought.

Jugglers and ventriloquists owe their success chiefly to the deluded imaginations of their beholders.

Hypochondria, delirium, and madness, though remotely caused by corporeal disease, are the immediate effects of an imagination stimulated to preternatural vigor.

The false promises of hope are nothing but the judgment led astray by the imagination. Ambition derives its strength from one species of mental illusion, and avarice from another. Jealousy, envy, revenge, make the imagination convert beauty into deformity, and virtue into vice, while love, pity and admiration, cause an opposite metamorphosis. When party spirit runs high, the same essay, the same speech is thought to have or want merit, according to the sentiments they express.—This prejudice, as it is commonly called, or this illusion of fancy, is often extended most ludicrously to the cut of a coat, the air of a popular song, or even to a color that happens to be the badge of a party. A few years since a black cape probably often excited more horror in Paris than a street murder, and I verily have thought the very rainbow hideous



from its resemblance to the *tricolor* of France.

If imagination is capable not only of substituting its own copies of the perceptions of sense for those of memory, but even of cheating us out of these perceptions themselves, how much and how often must it pervert the judgment! How liable is every chain of reasoning to be turned this way or that way from the right line of truth, when every link is so likely to be distorted! Few are the opinions we can form which are not connected with some sentiment of pleasure or pain, and these sentiments are always nourished more or less by fancy.

Let these considerations teach charity and moderation to zealots of every description, and let them recollect that the opinions, of whose truth they have the deepest conviction, if they were formed when the mind was much excited by feeling, are less likely to be the demonstration of reason than the illusions of fancy.

#### ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

[The following exquisite satire, on the bombastic style of recommending PATENT MEDICINES, is too good a thing to let pass—even the reading of it may give some relief to those afflicted with the gout.]

#### RAMROD'S

*Essential Tincture of Gridiron;*

OTHERWISE CALLED,

NATURE'S GRAND RESTORATIVE.

DR. Simcon Ramrod, by a scrupulous and chemical analization of vegetable substances, has recently discovered that Gridirons contain a subtle invigorating fluid, sympathetically allied to the nervous or magnetic fluid of the human body, which, being skilfully extracted and properly prepared, becomes a specific, mild and infallible remedy for almost every complaint, of mind and body, to which human nature has been subject since the flood. It is found also to have a powerful effect on the brute creation, and on various inanimate substances; to relief against accidents, to be a wonderful quickener of the circulations, and to give renovated strength to all muscular exertions; from which it is

found useful to persons travelling by sea or by land, and to those exposed to extraordinary dangers.

To announce the instances in which *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* has proved beneficial, would be but to give a detail of all the diseases to which men, women and children are subject. The following are but a few out of a thousand and upwards of certificates which have been, or may be procured, as a testimony of its efficacy.

The subscriber has long been afflicted with the tooth-ache, to such a degree that nearly all his teeth had been drawn out; and by an unjust sentence, he also unfortunately, had both his ears cut off. On applying a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron* to his head, his teeth were restored, and his head was instantly supplied with as fine a pair of ears as he could boast of the day he was born.

JOHN EARWIG.

Not long since, riding on the highway, my horse stumbled and fell, and so lamed himself as to be unable to proceed. I heard of a phial of the *Tincture of Gridiron* in the neighborhood, and suddenly found myself at the end of my journey, without further trouble.

JONA SPEEDWELL.

Some time ago my house was very much infested with rats; and one day, while I set brooding over my misfortunes, a large number of them suddenly came upon me, and ate me up. I instantly took some of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and found myself at ease, and have never been eaten since.

9000 JACK RECOVER.

I was, not long since, subject to extreme fatigue from dancing or other exercise. I took a small quantity of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, and have been dancing ever since, without the least inconvenience.

SAMUEL RIGADOON.

Riding the other day, I accidentally fell into a ditch, and broke my legs, my arms and my neck. On taking a little of the *Tincture of Gridiron*, I instantly recovered, and have never been near a ditch since, nor felt a desire to approach one.

TOM TUMBLE.

Walking, not long since, near the machinery of a mill, I was caught and carried between two cog wheels, and every bone in my body broke to pieces. A phial of *Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron* being thrown into the mill-pond, I found myself restored, and as whole and sound as a roach.

DICK WHIRLIGIG.

NOTE.—Gridirons taken in their natural state, and particularly taken whole, are, by skilful chemists, deemed extremely dangerous; but the recent discovery of a mode of preparing the tincture from them, places them in the first rank of valuable plants.

Beware of Counterfeits.

Each bottle is stopped with a gimblet, and sealed with juniper-berries, and labelled "*Ramrod's Tincture of Gridiron*." To be sold (only) by the subscriber, in Frying-pan Alley, at the sign of the Tea-kettle, who always inscribes his own name.

S. RAMROD.

N. B. Cash given for Mouse Fur and Musquetoe Skins.

#### A CASE FOR THE GENTLEMEN OF THE LAW.

WILL WEBSTER, of Stamford, sold as good a cup of ale, as ever mantled in a beer glass. He was bred a baker, and, as is common in the country, he always sold bread; and it was as usual for working people to call for a penny loaf as a penny worth of ale at his house.

A man came one day for six penny loaves.—Webster served him as he sat in the drinking room; and after they had been delivered to him, he said, "Master Webster, take one of your loaves back, I'll have but five, and bring me a pennyworth of ale, that will make up the six-pence, all the same, you know." The ale was brought him, and he gave a loaf for it, drank it and called for another, and another, and another, until he had exchanged the six loaves for six penny-worths of ale; then rising up, said, Mary must do with brown bread, which he believed would be quite as good for her health;



and was deliberately marching off, when the landlord desired to be paid. "Paid! for what?" said the fellow. "For my bread," answered the landlord. "Your bread—have you not had it again?"—"Why then pay me for the ale," said the publican. "I gave you bread for it," answered the defendant.—"That is true," answered Boniface, "yet somehow I think I am cheated, but if ever you bother me again, call me out, that's all—you shall always pay for every thing as I bring it in."

**Law Query.** Upon what can the landlord bring his action?

## The Visitor.

SATURDAY, December 1, 1804.

### LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city inspector reports the deaths of 42 persons during the week ending on Saturday last.

Of CONSUMPTION 12—cold 1—convulsions 1—intermittent fever 1—remittent fever 1—hives 2—palsy 1—malignant sore throat 1—suicide, (by taking laudanum) 1—teething 1—whooping cough 1—and FIFTEEN innocent victims have been sacrificed by their parents to the SMALL POX!

Of the above 12 were men—11 women—9 boys, and 10 girls.

Of the whole number 11 were of and under the age of one year—3 between 1 and 2—2 between 2 and 5—2 between 5 and 10—1 between 10 and 20—13 between 20 and 30—7 between 30 and 40—1 between 40 and 50 and 1 between 50 and 60—

A laboring man by the name of Donaldson, who lives at Irwin, in Scotland, and who has been deaf for upwards of twenty years, was a short time since, struck to the ground by lightning, while working in the fields, recovering, however, in a short time, he found to his surprise, that the only injury he had sustained was the recovery of his hearing.

Nassau, (N. P.) Nov. 6th.

### DISTRESSING PARTICULARS

Of the loss of the Brig Flora of Philadelphia, Thomas Burrows, master, on a voyage to Cayenne.

On the 28th of September sailed from Philadelphia in good order and well conditioned, with a crew consisting of—Thomas Burrows, master, Jacob Oldenburg, mate, William Davidson, supercargo, John Navañ, Samuel Babcock, William Story, Joseph Wilder, seamen, Josiah Smith, James Cameron, boys, and Josiah Anderson, steward. Nothing particular occurred till Friday the 12th October, lat. 28 50 N. long. 54 W. the wind began to blow hard from the N. E. the gale continued to increase, accompanied by thunder, lightning, rain and a heavy sea, the pumps constantly going—next day at 2 A. M. finding it impossible to lay any longer, determined to cut away the main-mast and send before the wind, but before that could be done was struck with a whirlwind, which hove the brig on her beam ends, Joseph Wilder, being in the fore-castle, was drowned—the main-mast went by the board, the hatches burst off, the vessel filled with water and the cargo floated out at each hatchway, for our preservation we endeavored to lash ourselves to the main-chains, but the sea-breaking furiously over us, William Davidson, William Story, and the two boys, were washed away: the foremast now went by the board, and day coming on we beheld an awful sight, mast and spars hanging to the wreck, and the cargo coming out of the hold washed over us, at this time we shipped a sea which stove in the stern and the cargo broke out of the cabin: at 9 A. M. we took to the bowsprit when William Story and William Cameron drifted on board on the caboose house, the boy shortly after died—the latter part of the day the gale began to abate, but a heavy sea continued.

On Monday William Story died. We continued in this dreadful situation until Friday the 19th of October, when we discovered a large ship to leeward, made all the signals we could but in vain. On the 26th several kegs of butter came out of the fore castle, one of which we immediately opened and fed on, which greatly increased our thirst. On the 21st, the mate went out of his senses, and a schooner passed to leeward so near

that we could see every man on deck, but they took no notice of us. On the 23d the mate died, his blood we drank and devoured part of his flesh, with the remainder we caught a large shark which proved a great relief to us. On Wednesday the 24th, at sun rise, saw a brig standing towards us. At 10 A. M. she hove too and hoisted out her boat to our assistance, and we were taken on board in a weak condition. The vessel proved to be the snow Thames, captain Burton, from Madeira to New-Providence, then in lat. 25° N. long. 59° W. to the humane attention of the officers and passengers we feel ourselves much indebted, and thus publicly express our thanks.

The young lad whose theatrical performances have excited unequalled admiration in Great Britain, has been lately engaged for the Covent Garden Theatre, London, at 50 guineas per night and a free benefit at the end of twelve nights.

### THEATRICAL REGISTER.

Friday, 23d November,

HAMLET, (Shakespeare) and WAYS AND MEANS, (Colman, jun.)

MR. COOPER'S HAMLET attracted at an early hour an overflowing house.—This character was formerly esteemed MR. COOPER'S *chef d'œuvre*, and curiosity was alive to mark the variations or improvements he should make in it.—We cannot so distinctly recollect every part of his former exhibition of HAMLET as to point out the changes made, but in general the lighter parts appeared more finished and the interview with OPHELIA very much bettered.

Monday, 26th November,

SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERS, and BLUE BEARD, (Colman, jun.) a crowded house.

Wednesday, 29th November,

WHEEL OF FORTUNE, (Cumberland) and RAYMOND AND AGNES.

PENRUDDOCK was this evening generally pronounced the most finished of MR. COOPER'S productions.





## MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, James W. Shaw, esq. wine merchant, to Miss Maria Bowne, of this city.

At Hartford, Mr. Harris Sage, bookseller, of this city, to Miss Sally Seymour.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Peter L. Mercer, merchant, to Miss Margaret Nesbit, second daughter of Dr. Samuel Nesbit.

On Saturday evening last, captain Joseph Paulding, to Miss Eliza Ann Knox.



## DIED.

On Saturday evening last, Cornelius Stevenson, esq.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. James Sketchly, aged 76, a native of Nottingham, England.

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Poinsett, widow of the late Dr. Poinsett, of South-Carolina.

At Albany, on Sunday evening, the 18th inst. General Philip Schuyler, aged 73.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Sarah Woods, aged 67, relict of John Woods, esq.

## THEATRE.

On MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 3d,

WILL BE PRESENTED,

A TRAGEDY, CALLED,

MACBETH.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED,

The favorite Farce of,

Raising the Wind.

## JUST PUBLISHED,

By Ming and Young, and to be had of Gaine and Ten Eyck, 148, Pearl-Street, and of most other Book-sellers in this city.

GAINES

NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,  
Containing in addition to its usual information,

A LIST

Of the Military Officers of the city and county of New-York, with their grades in the respective Regiments. Price 25 cents.

## CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

The New-York MUSICAL SOCIETY, will give their first monthly Concert in the Congregational Church, head of Warren-Street, corner of Broadway, on the first TUESDAY in December in the evening. The performance will consist of

## PART FIRST.

Now is Christ risen,	(Anthem)	by Key.
To God the Lord,	do.	Dr. Arnold.
The beauty of Israel,	do.	do.
Father of All,	do.	do.

## PART SECOND.

Lift up your heads,	(Anthem)	Key.
And the Glory of the Lord,	{ Chorus in } Messiah	Handel.
Arise, shine O Zion,	(Anthem)	Williams.
O God my heart,	do.	Arnold.
Hark the Herald Angels sing,	do.	do.
O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion,	{ Chorus in } Messiah	Handel.

The doors will be open at 5 o'clock—the performance will begin precisely at half past 6.

\*\*\* Tickets 4s. to be had of Mr. C. Prince, 42 Barclay-street, M. Hitchcock, 36 Maiden-lane, Sage & Thompson, 149 Pearl-street, J. Secor, 218 Broadway, J. C. Totten, 155 Chatham-street, J. Tiebout, 238 Water-street, J. Haume, 34 Roosevelt-street, Peter Stuyvesant, 141 William-street, S. L. Page, Greenwich, New-Market, and Gilbert Coutant, two mile stone.

## BURTUS &amp; CRANE,

BOOK-BINDERS, BOOKSELLERS,  
AND STATIONERS,

No. 60, CHERRY-STREET, one Door West of New-Slip.

HAVE constantly on hand, and for sale on reasonable terms, a general assortment of BOOKS and STATIONARY—Also, BLANK BOOKS, of various descriptions.

N. B. Merchant's Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern, at the shortest notice.

## LOTTERY TICKETS.

In Whole, Halves, Quarters, or Eighth, in Lottery No. III, for the Encouragement of Literature.

A Correct Numerical Book kept.—TICKETS, REGISTERED and EXAMINED as above.

## FANCY BASKETS AND WOOD-EN WARE.

JAMES THORBURN, No. 26, Maiden-Lane, corner of Green-Street, returns thanks to his friends and the public for past favors, and flatters himself that by an assiduous attention in the line of his business, he will continue to experience their patronage.

He begs leave to inform them that in addition to his former stock, he has received per the Magnet, and other arrivals from Amsterdam, a very handsome assortment of FANCY BASKETS, &c. &c.

Clothes Baskets, of different sizes. Handsome toilet Baskets. Wine-Glass Baskets, round and oval, large and small. Market Baskets. Ladies' fine Knitting Baskets, of different sizes. Childrens Baskets, different patterns. Counter Baskets. Tumbler Baskets, different sizes. Handsome Plate and Cake Baskets. Quadrille Boxes, &c. &c.

East-India and Holland Table-matts. Together with a large assortment of Tubs, Iron and Wooden bound. Pails, Brads, Iron and Wooden bound. Coollers, Striped, Painted and Plain. Lignumvita Pestle and Mortars. Rolling Pins. Also Common Baskets, different kinds.

## W. S. TURNER,

Inform his friends and the public, that he has removed from Dry-Street to No. 15, PARK, near the Theatre; where he practices PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST.

He fits ARTIFICIAL TEETH upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature, and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural.—His method also of CLEANING the TEETH is generally approved of, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging TOOTH-ACHE his TINCTURE has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the DECAY is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting CARIOUS TEETH upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any gentleman or lady at their respective houses, or he may be consulted at No. 15, PARK, where may be had his ANTISCOR-BUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own from chymical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years: and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by a constant application of it, the TEETH become beautifully white, the GUMS are braced, and assume a firm and healthful red appearance, the loosened TEETH are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of TARTAR, together with DECAY and TOOTH-ACHE prevented.

The TINCTURE and POWDER may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's store, No. 64, Maiden-lane.

## WANTED.

An APPRENTICE to the Carving and Gilding Business.—Apply to

JOHN LEMAIRE,

No. 40, Barclay-street.

## TO THE LADIES.

A soft clear and delicate Skin.

THE proprietors of the celebrated Italian Lily Lotion, take this method of informing the ladies, and the fashionable world, that they have just received a fresh supply of that valuable article, which is held in such high estimation by ladies of the first rank in Europe and America, for its superior qualities in cleansing, clearing, and softening the skin, as well as freeing it from those cutaneous eruptions incident to many complexions, and so detrimental to female beauty.

The Lily Lotion is peculiarly pleasant in its operation—it washes the skin, perfectly clean, an agreeable softness immediately succeeds its use, and the skin is also sweetened and refreshed, while the whole complexion assumes an enlivened appearance.

The proprietors of this incomparable article think it a duty incumbent on them, to apologise for the length of time they have disappointed their fair friends in not having a sufficient supply to satisfy the very great demand.





[FROM THE PALLADIUM.]

From the Shop of Simon Spunkey, Esquire.

THE

## OLD MAID'S COMPLAINT.

A SONG.

Tune, "Mary's Lamentation."

**M**Y hey day of beauty is fled,  
The pleasures of life are all o'er,  
What a fool I have been not to wed,  
When I might have had twenty or more.

The Spring of enjoyment is past,  
Stern Winter succeeds to my May;  
Expos'd to the pitiless blast,  
I sigh my existence away.

How alter'd, alas! is my case,  
Since erst at my beauty's levee,  
Each handsome young lad in the place,  
Was pretty near dying for me.

The young misses, flirting about,  
At me point the finger of scorn,  
While I can do nothing but pout,  
And wish I had never been born.

Ye fine ladies take my advice,  
And make a good use of your beauty,  
And not be so coy and so nice,  
That nobody ever can suit ye.

Don't hesitate, now is your time,  
Get married, dear girls, if you can,  
Get married I say in your prime,  
To any good passable man.

## THE SPINNING WHEEL.

A SONG.

**O**NE Summer eve, as Nancy fair,  
Sat spinning in the shade,  
While soaring sky-larks shook the air  
In warbling o'er her head;

In tender coos the pigeons woo'd,  
(Love's impulse all must feel);  
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,  
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

"While thus I work with rock and reel,  
"So life by time is spun;  
"And as runs round my spinning-wheel,  
"The world turns up and down:

"Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,  
"While I no changes feel,  
"But get my bread by sweat of brow,  
"And turn my spinning-wheel.

"From me let men and women too  
"This home-spun lesson learn,  
"Not mind what other people do,  
"But eat the bread they earn:

"If none were fed, were that to be,  
"But what deserv'd a meal,  
"Some ladies then, as well as me,  
"Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,  
Thus sung her witless strain,  
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammar Joan,  
And brought home Nancy's swain;

"Come," cries the dame, "Nance, here's thy spouse;  
"Away throw rock and reel!"  
Blithe Nancy, with the bonny news,  
O'erset her spinning-wheel.

## TO ROSA.

**H**AD I my charmer, all the gold  
That earth's unfathom'd caverns hold,  
And every gem that ocean's wave  
In secret views, and loves to lave—  
Jewels of gold and silver, more  
Than queen e'er wish'd, or sultan wore,  
Or fond Arabian fam'd in tales  
Of sapphire waves and di'mond vales;  
I vow by this enchanting kiss—  
Nay, had I ten times more than this—  
All worlds of wealth, of every sort—  
YOU SHOULD BE NEAR THE RICHER FOR'T!

[On the report of Dr. Letsom's death;  
which falsehood the Doctor, to the great  
pleasure of all who knew him, was able  
publicly to contradict himself.]

**Y**OU say I'm dead, I say you lie,  
I physics, bleeds, and sweats' em;  
If after this my patients die  
Why verily ——— I Lett—'em.

## EPIGRAM.

"YOUR play won't do,"—"wont do!" the  
author cries;  
"A want of judgment with the reader lies:  
"Sufficient justice on the piece bestow'd,  
"Its merits stir, had warn'd the list'ning crowd;"  
"That may be true," the manager exclaims,  
"For justice would condemn it to the flames."

## N. SMITH,



Chymical Perfumer, from Lon-  
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder  
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,  
No. 114, opposite the City-Hotel,  
Broad-Way.

Smith's improved chemical Milk of Roses, so well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, red-  
ness, or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening  
and preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is  
very fine for gentlemen to use after shaving—with  
printed directions—6s. 8s. and 12s. per bottle, or  
3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair  
and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s.  
and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.

Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.

His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Po-  
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.

His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.

Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.

Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with  
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness  
and chaps, leaves them quitesmooth, 2s.—4s per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all  
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and  
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the  
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had  
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the  
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far  
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and  
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold  
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

## LITERATURE.

The subscriber highly sensible of the importance of  
the trust committed to him as a Teacher of English-  
Literature, thankfully remembers the liberal encou-  
ragement of his employers to him in the line of his bu-  
siness, and assures them that he will to the utmost of  
his ability continue to instil in the minds of his Pu-  
pils, with energy every part of instruction, which  
may have a tendency to promote their present and fu-  
ture usefulness; the subscriber respectfully informs  
his employers and the public in general, that he pur-  
poses opening an evening School on the first evening of  
October next. And conscious of his having reciprocal-  
ly discharged his duty to those committed to his care,  
in communicating useful knowledge, teaching strict  
decorum, virtue, and morality, he flatters himself of  
further liberal encouragement in the line of his bu-  
siness. He continues as usual to give lessons to La-  
dies and Gentlemen at their own dwellings, particu-  
larly in the new System of Penmanship, wherein he will  
accomplish them in three months. Or can materially  
improve the hand in writing by a few lessons.

N. B. The subscriber writes Deeds, Mortgages,  
Indentures, Wills, Leases, Powers, Bonds &c. &c.  
on the most reasonable terms.

W. D. LEZELL.

New-York, No. 17, Banker-street,

NEW-YORK: PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY MING & YOUNG, No. 102, WATER-STREET,  
WHERE EVERY KIND OF PRINTING IS EXECUTED.—SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS  
PAPER ARE RECEIVED AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.